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Aqueduct Bridge in Scotland.

The great aqueduct bridge over the deep valley and river of Kelvin, along which the canal connecting the Friths of Forth and Clyde is carried, is one of the most magnificent works of art in Scotland. The design and execution are equal to the grand idea of uniting the German and Atlantic Oceans. The aqueduct bridge is connected with a chain of mason's work, consisting of locks, basons, dry docks, and road bridges, situated within a distance of half a mile, and exhibiting a very interesting group of architecture.

The romantic situation of the aqueduct, of which we give an interesting engraving, is peculiarly striking and beautiful. It carries a great artificial river over a deep valley four hundred feet in length, where square rigged vessels navigate at the height of seventy feet above the heads of spectators, and afford a striking instance of the power of human industry.

The aqueduct bridge was commenced in June, 1787, and finished in 1790. It consists of four arches, each fifty feet wide, and thirty-seven high. The whole length is 273 feet, its height 68 feet, and its breadth 57 feet. The expense of the bridge, which was constructed under the directions of Mr. R. Whitworth, the architect, was 8,500*l*.

The canal between the rivers Forth and Clyde, was begun under the directions of that able engineer, Mr. John Smeaton, whose numerous public works in Great Britain, rendered him so justly distinguished. It was finished in 1790, after a labour of upwards of twenty-two years. The canal in its course passes over rocks, precipices, and quicksands, in some places running through a deep moss, and in others rolling along an embankment twenty feet high. It is supplied with water from seven reservoirs, covering 409 acres of ground.

The original stock, by Act of Parliament, of the Forth and Clyde canal, was declared to be 150,000*l*., divided into 1,500 shares of 100*l*. each, to borrow 50,000*l*. more. The canal is 15 feet wide at the bottom, and 30 feet wide at the surface, and is capable of admitting vessels which draw 4½ feet of water, equal to about 60 tons burden.

ANECDOTES OF THE BASTILLE.

(Concluded from p. 372.)

The Iron Mask.

The most remarkable of all the prisoners in the Bastille was the gentleman in the Iron Mask, whose history, though well known, is necessary to the completion of our account of this prison-fortress.

Although conjecture has long been exhausted, as to the identity of the person in the Iron Mask, yet the fact of such a prisoner having been confined, and dying in the Bastille, as first made public by Voltaire, has since been abundantly confirmed in all its leading points. The Journal of M. de Jonca, who was many years *Lieutenant du Roi* at the Bastille, gives an account of the prisoner being removed from the Island of Saint Marguerite, on M. de Saint Mars being appointed Governor of the Bastille. He says the prisoner always wore a mask of black *velvet*, a circumstance confirmed by several writers, although he has been called the *Iron Mask*; and that he died in the Bastille, and was buried on the 20th of November, 1703, in the burying place of Saint Paul. In the register of this parish there is the following entry:

"In the year 1703, on the 19th day of November, Marchiali, aged sixty-five years, or thereabouts, died at the Bastille. His body was interred in the burying place of this parish of St. Paul, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of Monsieur de Rosarges, Mayor of the Bastille, and Monsieur Reilh, the surgeon, who accordingly sign this."

Father Grisset, in his *Traité de Preuves qui Servent pour établir la Verité de l'Histoire*, says, nothing can exceed the dependance that may be placed on the journal of M. de Jonca. He adds, that a great many circumstances relating to this prisoner were known to the officers and servants at the Bastille, when Monsieur de Launay was appointed mayor there; that M. de Launay told him he was informed by them, that immediately after the prisoner's death, his apparel, linen, clothes, mattresses, and, in short, every thing that had been used by him, were burnt; that the walls of his room were scraped, and the floor taken up; all evidently from the apprehension that he might have found means of writing something that would have discovered who he was. It is related by others, that besides the precautions mentioned by M. de Launay, the glass was taken out of the window of his room, and pounded to dust; the window frame and doors burnt; and the ceiling of the room, and the plaster of the inside of the chimney, taken down. Several persons have affirmed, that the body was buried without a head; and M. de Saint Foix, in his *Essais Historiques*, informs us, that a gentleman having bribed the sexton, had the body taken up in the night, and found a stone instead of the head.

Monsieur de la Grange Chaucel, who was sent prisoner to St. Marguerite, says, "Several persons have informed me that, when M. de Saint Mars went to take possession of the government of the Bastille, whither he was to conduct the prisoner, they heard the latter say to him, 'Has the king any intention against my life?' and de Saint Mars' reply, 'No, Prince, your life is in safety; you must only allow yourself to be conducted.'"

One Dubuisson, who was confined at Saint Marguerite, says, that "he was lodged with other persons in the room immediately above that where the prisoner with the mask was; that they found means of speaking to him by the vents of their chimneys; and that, having one day pressed him to tell who he was, he refused, saying, that if he did, it would not only cost him his own life, but the lives of those to whom the secret might be revealed."

M. de Saint Mars, in his way from St. Marguerite to the Bastille, halted with the prisoner at his house of Palteau, when he sat opposite to the Iron Mask, with a pair of pistols on the table.

But Voltaire is the most circumstantial; and in his "Age of Louis XIV." he gives the following narrative.

"Some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarine, in 1661, there happened an event of which there is no example, and, what is no less strange, the historians of that time seem to have been unacquainted with it. There was sent, with the greatest secrecy to the castle on the Island of Marguerite, in the sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, rather above the middle size, young, and of a graceful figure. On the road he wore a mask, with steel springs, that enabled him to eat without taking it off. Those who conducted him had orders to kill him if he made any attempt to discover himself. He remained there until the Governor of Pignerol,

an officer of confidence, named Saint Mars, being appointed governor of the Bastille, in 1690, brought him from thence to the Bastille, always covered with a mask. The Marquis de Louvois, who went and saw him at Saint Marguerite, spoke to him standing, and with that kind of attention that marks respect. He was lodged at the Bastille as well as that castle would admit. Nothing was refused him that he desired. His chief taste was for lace and linen, remarkably fine. He played on the guitar. His table was the best that could be provided; and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. An old physician of the Bastille, who had often attended him when he was indisposed, said that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue and parts of his body; that he was admirably well made, that his skin was rather brown, that he had something interesting in the sound of his voice, that he never complained, or let drop any thing by which it might be guessed who he was.

"This unknown person died in 1703, and was buried in the night, at the burying ground of the parish of Saint Paul. What increases our astonishment is, that when he was sent to Saint Marguerite, no person of importance in Europe was missing. Yet this prisoner certainly was a person of importance. See what happened soon after his arrival there. The governor put the dishes on the table himself; retired and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and threw it out at a window towards a boat that was drawn on shore near the bottom of the tower. A fisherman to whom the boat belonged, took up the plate and brought it to the governor, who, with evident astonishment, asked the man if he had read what was written on the plate, or if any other person had seen it. He said he could not read; that he had but just found it, and that no one else had seen it. He was, however, confined until the governor was certain that he could not read, and that no other had seen the plate. He then dismissed him, saying, "*It is lucky for you that you cannot read.*"

The Abbé Papon relates, "that a young lad, a barber, having seen one day something white floating on the water, took it up: it was a fine shirt, written almost all over. He carried it to M. de Saint Mars, who having looked at some parts of the writing, asked the lad, with an appearance of anxiety, if he had not had the curiosity to read it. He assured him repeatedly that he had not; but two days afterwards, the boy was found dead in his bed."

M. de la Borde informs us, that M. Linguet, in the course of his inquiries, found, that when the Iron Mask went to mass, he had the most express orders not to speak or show himself; that the invalids were commanded to fire on him if he disobeyed; that their arms were loaded with balls; and that he therefore took great care to conceal himself, and to be silent.

Among the various conjectures respecting the Iron Mask, one writer supposes him to have been the Duke of Beaufort, second son of Cæsar, Duke of Vendome; but he was killed by the Turks in 1669. Another suspects him to have been the Count de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV. who died publicly with the army in 1683. A third says, it was the Duke of Monmouth, of whose death, however, English history gives a very satisfactory account. A fourth says, it was a minister of the Duke of Mantua; but the respect paid to the prisoner is sufficient to refute such an opinion.

Others have said the Iron Mask was the son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. and that his father was the Duke of Buckingham, who was Ambassador in France, in 1625; but there is no ground whatever for the assertion. A more prevalent opinion is, that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV. born some hours after him; and that the king, their father, fearing that the pretensions of a twin-brother might one day be employed to renew those civil wars with which France had so often been afflicted, cautiously concealed his birth.

Prisoner for Forty-seven Years.

On the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, the ministers begun their administration by an act of clemency in inspecting the registers of the Bastille, and setting many prisoners at liberty. Among those was an old man, who had groaned in confinement for FORTY-SEVEN YEARS, between four thick and damp stone walls. Tempered by adversity, he had resisted the horrors of his long imprisonment with an invincible spirit. His locks, white, thin and scattered, had almost assumed the rigidity of iron, while his body, environed for so long a time by a coffin of stone, had borrowed from it a firm and compact habit. The narrow door of his tomb, turning upon its grating hinges,

opened not as usual by halves.—An unknown voice announced his liberty, and bade him depart.

Believing this to be a dream, he hesitated; but at length he rose up and walked forth with trembling steps, amazed at the space he traversed; the stairs of his prison, the halls, the court seemed to him immense and almost without bounds. He stopped from time to time, and gazed around like a bewildered traveller; his eyes could scarcely bear the calm light of day; he contemplated the heavens as a new object: his eyes remained fixed, and he could not even weep. Stupified with the newly acquired power of changing his position, his limbs, like his tongue, refused their office, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he reached the gate.

He was placed in a carriage, which was prepared to convey him to his former habitation, but he could not bear the motion, and screamed out. Supported by a benevolent arm, he sought out the street where he had formerly resided, but no trace of his house remained, a public edifice occupying the spot where it stood. In vain were his looks directed to all the objects around him, for there was nothing of which he had the slightest recollection. The population of Paris was to him unknown; he was the being of a foregone generation—the world not knowing—by the world unknown.

At length accident brought in his way an old domestic, who did not at first know the master he had long served. From him he learned the fate of his family; misfortune had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before—his children had all gone to distant climes, and of his friends and relatives not one remained in Paris.

Borne down with sorrow, he presented himself to the Minister to whose humanity he was indebted for that liberty which had become a burden to him. "Restore me," he said, "again to that prison from which you have taken me: I cannot survive the loss of my nearest relations, of my friends, and, in one word, of a whole generation. Is it possible to wish to survive this general desolation? The mortality, which to the rest of mankind comes by degrees, has to me been the work of a moment. There is nothing terrible in dying, but it is dreadful to be the last." The Minister treated him with kindness, but he did not long survive the interview.

We might extend this article by an account of several other victims, but we have done enough to show, that of all places on earth, human misery has scarcely ever been rendered so lasting, or so complete, as in the Bastille, which it was one of the first acts of the French Revolution to level to the ground. This event took place on the 14th of July, 1789. The mild government of Louis XVI. did not people the Bastille as his predecessors had done, and only seven persons were found in the Bastille when it was taken by the Parisians.

LINES,

Written on the Falls of the River Passaic, in the United States, by Mr. Washington Irving, Author of the Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, &c.—(Not printed in his works.)

In a wild tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where Nature had fashioned a soft sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight,
Here the wild flowret blossomed, the elm proudly waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder and lightning and storm.

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:

With a glance of disgust, he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide waving shade:—
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He riv'd the green hills, the wild wood
he laid low;
He taught the pure stream in rough
channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep pre-
cipice gave,
And hurl'd down the chasm the thun-
dering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in
the long lapse of time,
Cultivation has softened those features
sublime;
The axe of the white-man has lightened
the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the
thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with won-
dering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves
mounted on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders
to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong em-
bosomed in foam.

THE FRENCH-HORN—A SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

Near the church of St. Olave's, Hart-street (which, by the way, hath lost much of its venerable majesty in the recent floods of glaring white-wash with which its old walls have been inundated), stands a house, or rather a congregation of houses, long known as a body corporate and individual, by the name or sign which gives a title to this essay. Its outer entrance is always open, like the mouths of those who frequent its interior; not that I have the most distant idea of insinuating that the guests of its landlord are a set of fly-catchers; I mean that the first paid visit to that personage is commonly prompted by a certain radicalism of stomach, which sends a man, who has nothing which (like the crow in the fable) he can lose by opening his beak, wide-mouthed and blustering to those who have possession of the loaves and fishes (or rather the chops and steaks) for immediate and substantial relief. The far-famed vestibule at Blenheim House is hardly superior (at least in altitude) to that of the chop-house in Cr. Fr.; for the structure, as I before have hinted, is not unlike (*si magna licet*, &c.) a cluster of sheep-pens with a blanket flung over them, the ceiling of the hall being, in fact, a large sky-light at the extreme height of the building, connecting the whole range, and reluctantly admitting to the inner window a glimmer, which, after working its way through the outermost barrier of semi-transparent glass, is as little improved in brightness as the jewel-box of a fair smuggler, after passing the ordeal of a Custom-house search. But, not to linger at the foot of the aspiring stairs, let us climb carefully up, and a short gallery on the left will conduct us to that elysium of an epicure—the dining-room. It is not large, though spacious enough; neither is it elegant, though clean and comfortable. The huge transverse beams that keep the second floor in its place, give token of considerable antiquity; and indeed the profusion of small-paned windows, are alone a satisfying proof that the mansion was constructed long before Pitt attempted to monopolize heaven's light, by compelling other people to shut it out. Some half dozen tables are here daily spread for the welcome refreshment of weary pilgrims, whether their peregrinations be to shrines in far countries, or from broker to broker in the lane adjacent. Yet guests of the latter description, I must own, are by far the more numerous, and I have oftener overheard the mysterious murmurs which the well-bred visitants of the old French Horn appear seldom or never disposed to exceed, of raising stocks, falling firms, or a flat market, than of pea-shod penance or Quixotic gallantries. You are waited upon by the worthy host, whose jolly round person, and respectful merriment, would not have misbecome Giles Gosling himself, and, in relief, by an assistant who has all the taciturnity of a dumb waiter, without its inconvenient immovability. These two useful personages have but one name between them. There is "William the First," and "William the Second," as an eccentric old gentleman, in a brown coat, dusty inexpressibles, and a black striped waistcoat, is invariably pleased to denominate them. This community of name between master and servant, has on me a very pleasing effect, by awakening the remembrance of those feudal times, when every vassal bore the family name, as well as livery of his lord. And, indeed, while I sit (in an arm chair as big as king Edward's) in the huge recess, on either side of the antique fireplace, undisturbed, but by the occasional rumble of a waggon, as it heavily rolls through the archway beneath; while I look on the massive pannels with which the walls are at once both burdened and supported; or eye the broad rafters of stout English oak, not hidden after the

fashion of modern architecture, by a hypocritical stratum of white-washed plaster, but standing out boldly, as if proud of the load they seem to have borne for ages; I can almost believe myself waiting in an outer chamber of some baronial castle of the eleventh century; and it is not till my eye has caught the new-fangled looking-glass—the milk-white table-cloth, with all its appurtenances—a bundle of Mirrors, rather dingy and dog's-eared, (the highest compliment to a work of the kind) and the visages of half a score of munching merchants, or till my ear is saluted with "The Times after you, sir."—"Take any more Cheese?"—"Next joint roast beef,"—that I condescend to believe myself a denizen of London, dining at a chop-house, and living in the year 1823. Well, dreams cannot last for ever, so I count out my sixteen-pence, and go forth to the multifarious occupations of the day, convinced that there is not in the round of the metropolis, a retreat which affords a more speedy escape from its noise, dirt, and bustle, or more excellent accommodation for those who aim at replenishing the "store-house of the body," than the French Horn in Crutched Friars.

Nota Bene.—I am neither a partner in the concern, nor, like the pastry-cook's poet (vide New Bath Guide), in *arrear on the score with mine host.*

THE ORIGIN OF USING FORKS AT TABLE.

The use of forks at table did not prevail in England until the reign of James the First, as we learn from a remarkable passage in Coryate.* The reader will smile at the solemn manner in which this important discovery or innovation is related. "Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commons in Italy, doe always at their meals use a little forke, when they eat their meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in the other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should inadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers from which all the table doe eat, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at last brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding I understand is generally used in all parts of Italy, their forkes for the most part being made of yronn, steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home; being once quipped, for that frequently using my forke, by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, Mr. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

J. J. A. F.

* Coryate (Thomas), an English traveller, born at Odcombe, Som. 1577; educated at Gloucester Hall, Oxon, became servant to Prince of Wales, and, in 1608, went on his travels, an account of which he printed after his return, under the title of Coryate's Crudities, reprinted in 1776, in 3 vols. 8vo. In 1612 he set out again, with a design of spending ten years in the East; he rambled through Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Persia, and died at Surat, 1617.—Wood Ath. Ox.

SURNAMES.

We lately have heard from a Magazine hack,
That surnames all go by contraries,
But the Campbell, without any hunch on his back,
Should know that his postulate varies:
Though Moore may be Little, yet Scott is a Scot,
And Hunt has been worthily hunted;
Mr. Crabbe in his crabbedness crawls through his plot,
And Lambe is not promptly affronted.
Poor Coleridge has found that Parnassus at last,
For him is at best but a cold ridge;
And Goldsmith had plenty of money amass'd,
To pass through Apollo's old toll-bridge.

If Wordsworth's vagaries are worthy no words,
And Pope was a protestant poet,
Yet Bloomfield his flowers of fancy affords,
And certainly Swift was no slow wit.

If the Baillie's a woman, and Shee is a man,
And a Hogge slugs of brownies and witches;
Yet Millman can sift all the wheat from the bran,
And Phillips can fill up his speeches.
Although Dr. Young were as old as John Parr,
Armstrong a poetical baby;
Yet Barbauld possesses a fine head of hair,
And Busby's as busy as may-be.

Though Massinger never sung mass in his life,
And Ford be located on dry land;
Yet Scattergood's sermons would end the world's strife,
And Britton resides on an island:
Mr. Gray has grown old on the records of fame,
Mr. Mason his glory erected;
And Burns in his genius, glows with a flame,
Which the torch of Old Time has reflected.

And yet it is strange, I must freely confess,
That Salt should put Afric in pickle,
That Adam should send modern works to the press,
And men should make much out of Mickle.
Here is one Mr. White, who is black as my hat,
Mr. Black, who's as white as white paper,
And there is old Seabright as blind as a bat,
And Stillman does nothing but caper.

Mr. Paine is a happy and pleasant young dog;
Mr. Stone is a soft-headed fellow;
Mr. Christian kneels down in a Jew's synagogue;
Mrs. Waters is apt to get mellow:
Mr. Middleton lives in the midst of a wood;
Mr. Hall is confined in his garret;
Mr. Peace is delighted with battle and blood;
Miss Silence can talk like a parrot.

Mr. Penn has been never instructed to write;
Mr. Read is deficient in reading;
Miss Grace is a shrew; Mr. Wright, never right;
Mr. Law has no talents for pleading:
The three Miss Devotions are fond of romance,
'Twas frolicking Steady that taught 'em;
And fat Mr. Skinner is teaching to dance,
The immoveable Miss Shuffebottom.

Miss Docomb is going as fast as she can,
With Miss Trott, in a rapid consumption;
Miss Manly is but an indifferent man;
Miss Proud has no kind of presumption.
Mr. Harrison's father we know is named Tom,
Mr. Thompson's we know is named Harry;
Miss Stille adores the rough sound of the drum
Miss Manlove declares she won't marry.

W.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

A GENTLEMANLY MISTAKE.

You tell me, said Terence (when call'd to the bar,
For forcing an heiress to leave her papa),
I may challenge the jury, in whole or in part,
Yet, though greatly injured, I have not the heart,
To fight for an insult invisibly small,
For these honest souls have done nothing at all.

The trial proceeded—the proofs appear'd clear—
And folks for the verdict were all eye and ear;
When, instantly turning, the foreman pronounc'd
The pithy word guilty—at which Terence bounced:
A flush of astonishment came o'er his cheek,
And for once in his life he felt troubled to speak.

Manslaughter! he roared an ungracious assault
On a peace-making Christian who hasn't a fault;
And thought others like him—but now they shall see
This mode of deciding things won't do for me;
I beg, Mr. Justice, you'll put in your oar, man,
I've tried this same jury, and find it a bore, man;
So call in the pistols, I challenge the foreman.

XUM

STANZAS

Adapted to an ancient Scottish Air.

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK, ESQ.

Oh man, condemn'd to dye, allace,
Whye doe you proudly vaunte
The blossomes of a youthful face,
And drearye wrinkles taunte?
Whye prize sae much that visage fair,
That brightlye beaming eye,
Those waving locks of crisped hairs,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye?

Whye boast those lion sinews stronge,
That greyhound's graceful speed,
Those sportes that shine, the fair amonge,
And graver arts exceed?
Why vaunte the sweetness of thy voice,
Tho' sorrow's lullabye,
Or courtly phrase's happy choice,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye?

Whye glorye that in tuneful strains
The ancient bards you foil,
Or vanquish with triumphant pains
The bookman's ceaseless toil;
Roam thro' the wonders of the earth,
The ocean and the skye,
When thousand prodigies have birth,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye!

The chillye Winter cometh fast,
When colde succeedeth heat,
And cruel frosts will quicklye blast
That face soe passing sweete;
Those orbs that roll in liquid light
Will freeze full dim and drye:
Those curls untwin'd wax grey and white,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye.

Those members of gigantic molde
Will quake like aspen pale;
And ah! when feeble growne and olde,
What then doe sportes avail?
Those notes of heaven that witch'd the ear,
Pine to the cricket's crye;
And who can toothless talkers beare,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye?

Time plucks the quills from fancie's wing,
And tames the poet's laye;
Tho' flatterers still their tribute bring,
Wee heede not what they saye:
The laud of learning losest zest,
No longer rivals vie,
When mould'ring in a narrow chest,
Oh man, condemn'd to dye.

But Nature's workes, thro' which in youthe
With curious eye we range,
Should teache the soul-appalling truth,
That all at last must change.
The joy of Beauty, Genius, Love,
In age must ever flye;
Allace, how soon the charm is o'er,
Since men are doom'd to dye.

Oh, there are charms that never fade,
Unchanging hues of heaven;
For brighter houres the soule is made,
For holier purpose given;
We journey onward, let us speede
With Faith's upturned eye,
Perpetual bliss shall be our meede,
No more condemn'd to dye.

EDGAR.

FREDERICK LORD NORTH.

At the close of life he was afflicted with the total loss of sight. At Bath he met Colonel Barre, who had been his warm opponent in the House of Commons, and was also blind. On being introduced to each other, Lord North said, "Colonel, you and I have often been at variance; but, I believe, there are no people in the world who, after all, would be more glad to *see each other*."

TOM LONGFELLOW'S INN.

The following lines are written on a pane of glass at an inn in South Wales. The proprietor's name is Longfellow:

Tom Longfellow's name is most justly his due,
Long his neck, long his bill, which is very long too;
Long the time 'ere your horse to the stable is led,
Long before he's rubb'd down, and much longer till fed;
Long, indeed, may you sit in a comfortless room,
'Till from kitchen long *dirty*, your dinner shall come;
Long the often-told-tale that your host will relate,
Long his face whilst complaining, how long people eat;
Long may Longfellow long ere he see me again,
Long 'twill be ere I long for *Tom Longfellow's* inn.

GRATITUDE.

When sore disease my youth assail'd,
And human aid was spent in vain;
The breathing of the morning gale
Restor'd the bloom of health again.

O! may this heart's pulse ever beat
With gratitude (let others scorn)
To Him, the author of the breeze,
That sweetly scents the blushing morn.

Monument to Two Aeronauts.

In the village of Wymil, about three miles from Boulogne, in the road to Calais, is a handsome monument to the memory of the unfortunate aeronauts, Pilatre de Rosiere and Romaine, who were killed in an ascent on the 15th of June, 1785.

They ascended at Boulogne, from about the middle of the Esplanade, without any accident, in an inflammable air balloon, of about 37 feet in diameter, with a small aerostatic machine, with rarefied air, under it, but at such a distance, that the inflammable air of the latter might be perfectly out of the reach of the fire used for inflating the former; and thus, by increasing or diminishing the fire in the small machine, the absolute weight of the whole would be considerably diminished or augmented. They had not been long in the atmosphere, when the inflammable air balloon was seen to swell very considerably, at the same time that the aeronauts were observed, by means of telescopes, very anxious to get down, and busied in pulling the valve, and opening the appendages to the balloon, in order to facilitate the escape of as much inflammable air as possible. Shortly after this the machine took fire, at the height of about three quarters of a mile from the ground. No explosion was heard; and the silk of the balloon seemed to resist the atmosphere for about a minute, after which it collapsed, and descended, along with the two unfortunate travellers, so rapidly, that both of them were killed. Pilatre seemed to have been dead before he came to the ground; but M. Romaine was alive when some persons came up to him, though he expired immediately after.

The expense of the monument has been trifling. It is a pedestal about eight feet high, containing three inscriptions, in Latin, French, and English. The parts wherever the inscriptions are made, are black marble; and the letters are formed in gold.

The English inscription is as follows:

"In this tomb are enclosed the remains of F. Pilatre de Rosier and A. Romaine. who ascended from Boulogne, 15th June, 1785, in a balloon: it took fire, and they fell from the height of 5,000 feet, between Wilmereux and the sea. A monument is erected on the spot where they fell."

"Passants, plaignez leur sort, et priez Dieu pour le repos de leurs ames.

"L'estrive, la douleur,
Et l'amitié, leurs ont élévé
Ce monument, en l'année
1786.

Ardent ami des arts et de la verité,
Au printemps de ses jours par un noble courage,
Le premier dans les airs il s'ouvrit un passage
Et perit au chemin d'immortalité,
Le matin dans les airs comblé de la gloire
Le soir ne reste d'eux que la memoire
Momtrant de l'homme au même instant
Et la grandeur, et le néant." ††

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A WALK TO VINCENNES.

It was in the spring season, a short time ago, that I walked to the chateau of Vincennes. The day was fine, and the pure cerulean sky, with that vivifying clearness of the atmosphere never seen or experienced in our metropolis, and of which the feeling is understood by most, but which it would be difficult to describe here, gave me more than a common susceptibility of enjoying a walk—it was the exhilaration of incipient inebriety without its deadening effect upon the faculties. The mind wore its keenest edge, and its perceptions were stimulated as forcibly as the fibres of the body were braced. Such a moment is favourable for enjoying the beauties of Nature, and it is then almost an offence against natural feeling not to walk forth and drink in the delight which creation offers us. I set out and pursued my walk under the delicious green shade of the trees, until I reached the palace built by Catharine and Mary de Medicis; it contains nothing remarkable, and I passed it by to enter the fort or chateau, so celebrated as a state prison, having been in every respect the twin brother of the Bastille. It would have shared the same fate as that edifice, had not the patriotic La Fayette preserved it by calling out the National Guard. A young officer of *gens-d'armerie*, with whom I had been long acquainted, accompanied me. He wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour given him by Napoleon, and therefore it is fair to suppose he merited it by his services. Yet he told me that having served the Emperor faithfully, he had now transferred his allegiance to Louis, and would equally devote his life for him, adding with all a Frenchman's levity and vehemence, upon my smiling at his pliancy of principle, "he would rather serve Louis than * * * * * * * * * *. This is too true a picture of modern political Frenchmen, and of numerous politicians in every country. Even erroneous principle may command respect, if it be inflexibly true to its pretensions, but who can respect those who studiously subject their principles to their interests? We crossed the drawbridges and entered the inner court. All seemed adapted to the purposes of arbitrary power—moats and walls precluding any chance of escape; a gloom falling from the dark masses of stone the whole height of the keep, that flung over the mind, together with its dark shadows, a sadness weighing down every other sensation. The recollection of the mass of human suffering endured and enduring there, must have inflicted a death of hope in the mind of every newly-arrived victim. A *lettre de cachet* and a warrant for execution could have produced in him feelings very little dissimilar. No question was allowed to be asked by the prisoner on his introduction; *c'est ici*, he was told, *la maison de silence*. As I entered the door of the donjon, the walls of which are sixteen feet in thickness, I thought of the inscription over hell-gate in Dante,

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che 'ntrate!

What a picture was before me of the old regime of France! From the palace to the dungeon was here indeed but a step. The groans and misery of the captives must often, from their vicinity to it, have been echoed back in return for the music and revelry of courtiers. Thus the pains of captivity were rendered more cutting, and a torture inflicted on the mind even more bitter than Louis XI. caused on the bodies of the unfortunate Princes of Armagnac, at Vincennes or in the Bastille. They were placed in holes in the masonry shaped like inverted cones, to prevent their feet having an easy resting-place, scourged twice a week, and a tooth was drawn from them every three months! The donjon is a square building, having round towers at the angles; it is surrounded by an inner ditch. The first door being passed, it was formerly necessary to open three more before entering the first apartment, though these are at present dispensed with. The cells of the prisoners surrounded this room, small and lofty, with very little light, owing to the enormous thickness of the walls. The lowest floor was of old used as a place of torture. The stone elevations still remain on which the prisoners were seated, with the places of the rings over them by which they were confined while they suffered. A staircase in one of the circular turrets led to the summit of the building; I ascended, and was charmed with the prospect. On one side me lay what remains of the wood of Vincennes, *riant*, as the French say, in the rich luxuriance of spring; at a little distance was the pleasant village of Saint Mandé, and in another direction the city of

Paris, with the domes of the Pantheon and Invalids clear and minutely seen, under the lovely blue heaven; no black dinginess obscured the buildings; every thing was defined, and stood out in its minutest details. The soft air bore with it a spirit of voluptuousness that seemed to afford fresh excitation to enjoyment on every inhalement. It almost made me forget where I was standing, that beneath my feet was a place of sighs and groans, and woe, or rather had been such, and perhaps might soon be such again; and that, amidst the luxuriance of earth, air, and skies, man had even there erected a habitation for his crimes, deforming, as usual, the face of Nature with monuments of his iniquities. How painful must the feelings of a favoured prisoner have been, who was permitted to walk on the leads for an hour with his turnkey on such a charming day, and then forced to return to his dark cell amid solitude and heart-rending desolation! I descended the narrow stairs, which once had several iron-plated doors on them for additional security, more in love with freedom than ever, and with a greater detestation of the despotic will of "a little brief authority." My guide told me that there were many inscriptions on the walls, the labour of different captives, and wished me to view some dungeons below, but I was glad to hasten out of the horrible den. Such, however, is the happy nature of some temperaments, that calamity cannot depress them, nor danger alarm. Among numberless persons incarcerated at Vincennes by Cardinal Mazarine, was the great Condé, who sung, laughed, danced, and played the violin; being a prisoner of rank, he received indulgences unknown to plebeian offenders. Abandoned by his friends, he never gave way to sadness or anger, except when speaking of Mazarine. He studied much, being allowed books, and wrote epigrams upon his persecutors. The Abbé Fresnoy was many times incarcerated in the Bastille and Vincennes for his writings, at which latter place he terminated his days in 1755, at the age of eighty-two. So gay was he on going to his cell, and so accustomed to be sent there, that when the officer came with the king's order he did not allow him to speak first, but began himself. "*Ah, Monsieur! Bon jour!*" and turning to his housekeeper, "*Mon petit paquet, du linge, du tabac,*" and set off laughing. Such are happy dispositions. Goldsmith thinks it best to oppose the calamities of life by dissipation rather than reason. Alas! neither is a specific for all, since our constitutions, before the receipt will do; must be remoulded alike. When we consider the limited duration of human existence, nothing man can bestow on his fellow can atone for the loss of liberty to an individual for the comparatively short space of two or three years. By the *lettres de cachet* many were imprisoned at Vincennes for twenty and thirty years. Latude, whose story has been long published, was incarcerated thirty-five years for only affronting Madame Pompadour. Many a son of literature had languished away his days there in sorrow, and brave spirits, little deserving to be "kept in such a cage," as Prince Henry said of Raleigh, have worn out life in unmerited forgetfulness within its iron precincts. Madame Guyot, the enthusiastic and good, Crebillon, Diderot, Mirabeau, Morillet, and a long list of great names, were among the captives at Vincennes. Their captivity however took place openly in latter days, when public opinion began to have some sway. One half of the victims of regal vengeance, more to be pitied than these, were never known to the world by name or by their fate. Under Louis XIII. XIV. and XV. people were frequently taken from their dwellings in the night, and seen by their friends no more; for no one was ever permitted to enter the chateau, even the priests and physicians were inmates; secrecy being an essential point in all these state imprisonments. I felt great pleasure on coming from this monument of suffering to the open air in the court of the donjon, round which I walked. Heavy cannon were mounted on the platforms which had thundered on the allied armies advancing upon the same side of Paris in 1814, and kept them effectually in check on that point until the capitulation was signed.

I then visited the part of the ditch where the Duke d'Enghien was executed for his conspiracy against the French government. The revived regime erects expiatory altars and chapels at every spot which has been marked by any outrage against itself; and here some superstitious ceremonies had been lately performed over the remains of the prince on their removal to St. Denis. It is astonishing how little wisdom was displayed in thus going back to ceremonies which could never again be regarded with reverence by an enlightened people. A peaceable

removal and interment would have answered every purpose. No impartial Frenchman ever denied the participation of the duke in the plots carrying on: it was the violation of a neutral territory by Bonaparte that was chiefly blamed, and the violence with which his object was effected. I thought there was something strange and retributive in the duke's execution on the very spot where his ancestors had immolated so many innocent persons: it was almost the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children. One instance of this kind of oppression under Louis the Fourteenth I will give, curiously involving, too, a violation of neutral territory. A young man named Desvalons fought a duel at Paris, and fled to Manheim; he was received kindly by one Cardel, a Protestant resident there, and soon made love to Cardel's sister, or rather to her fortune, but was unsuccessful, chiefly by the brother's interference. He determined on revenge, and sent a communication to Paris, that a person at Manheim, named Cardel, intended to kill Louis the Fourteenth. The French envoy was desired to aid in getting possession of his person. He was attracted to a village out of the city, carried off by a hundred dragoons of the garrison of Landau, and finally conducted in chains to the donjon of Vincennes. He suffered most cruel treatment, and died in the Bastille after a confinement of thirty years, and after being claimed by all the European powers in vain. Even the family of this unfortunate man was thrown into a horrible prison, and endured the most terrible sufferings, having been unhappily in France at the time of his unjust caption. I must mention another anecdote relative to Vincennes, as it records the faithfulness of the most faithful race in creation. About the time of the last persecution of the Protestants, an officer of that persuasion was shut up in the donjon. He wished much to have his dog admitted with him; it was a greyhound, which he had reared. This innocent request being refused, the dog, though turned out of the fortress, watched an opportunity on the following day, and re-entered within the innermost court. His master was confined in one of the lower cells, the window of which was near the ground, and the animal appeared at it and was recognised. He came to the bars and visited his unhappy master, whose relatives knew nothing of his fate, diurnally for four whole years, in spite of cold or wet. At length the officer was set at liberty, returned home, and died in a few months afterwards. The dog again returned to Vincennes, and repeated its visits, taking up its dwelling with an outer turnkey, and frequently going to the window, where it sat for hours gazing in vain for its master, until death terminated its career. These two anecdotes respecting Vincennes I met with on my return to Paris, and the latter is worthy of being added to our extant collections of animal attachment and sagacity. I now thought of extending my walk, and of seeking Paris by a circuitous route. I quitted the chateau with a feeling of pleasure, and congratulated myself, that though it was but a little time comparatively, not indeed forty years ago, since Vincennes sent forth the sighs of the captive, we had had no secret prison in England since the reign of Henry VIII., when the Tower of London was used as such. At no period after him for three hundred years, including the bloody proscriptions of Mary, have we such instances of incarceration and mean cowardly oppression acting in darkness and blasting for ever the hope of its victims, as the eighteenth century discloses among our neighbours. There have been instances enough of injustice, but they took place in open day. We never pounced upon our unoffending and unsuspicious prey amid the darkness of the night, and wrapped its fate in eternal oblivion. Our state oppressions were boldly perpetrated upon the most illustrious of our victims; and we could have no motive for acting otherwise with the meaner, about whom much less interest and partisanship would naturally be excited.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

CONVIVIAL CUSTOMS IN WALES.

Formerly there was scarcely a mansion of any magnitude in Wales that had not the appendage of a summer-house, generally situated in a pleasant spot, at a short distance from the house. Several of these are yet to be seen, some in ruins, others entire, and still occasionally used. In the neighbourhood of Dalgelley there are two or three of them, but now in a ruinous and neglected condition. They are small, circular buildings, containing only one room, which occupies the whole area of the edifice. The purposes to which they were formerly devoted appear to have been the very reverse of effeminate. The hearty old Welsh Squire,

and his boon companions, adjourned thither, after dinner, to enjoy the jolly gratification of a jug of choice cwrrw; and, free from all restraint, it may be reasonably imagined that they were not very temperate in their potations. In later years, however, this practice has fallen into disuse, and summer-houses have been converted into tea-rooms, or frequented merely for the purpose of enjoying a plain dessert, and a cheerful, but moderate glass. Mr. Pennant, in describing his paternal estate of Bychton, in Flintshire, mentions the summer-house to which his grandfather—a complete bon-vivant in his way—was accustomed to "adjourn with his guests," to regale them with the delicious cwrrw, compounded by a famous hand in the neighbourhood—old Shane of Lletty Gonest. "Many years afterwards," writes our Antiquary, "when I became master of the estate, I also had my adjournments, but it was either to eat shrimps, or to drink tea. An honest vicar of a distant parish, who had been a most intimate friend of my convivial grandfather, inquired whether I ever went to the summer-house? and was answered, 'Now and then, to drink tea.' Struck with horror at the degeneracy of the grandson, the good man exclaimed, with indignation, 'Drink tea! his grandfather would have scorned it!'"

There was another very jolly custom prevalent in some parts of North Wales, not many years ago, which was denominated Terming. A party of eight or nine worthies would "club together," and brew a barrel of ale at some favourite pot-house, where they remained till it was consumed. It was deemed effeminate and highly reprehensible to go to bed during the continuance of the *Term*, even should it last a week (which, by the way, never happened, as a Welshman knows better than to be sparing of a good top of cwrrw), but they slept as well as they could, on chairs, on the floor, or on benches, as it happened; and when they awoke, their libations were immediately resumed. At length, when they had emptied their barrel, they wended their way homewards as steadily as they could; the one who had sustained the bout more vigorously than the others, always carrying away in triumph the spiggot of the cask. "Coursing," says the writer above quoted, "was very frequently the occasion of these *Terms*. Each gentleman brought his greyhound; and often made matches, more for the glory of producing the best dog, than for the value of the bet."—*Edinburgh Magazine.*

Miscellanies.

ORIGIN OF BLARNEY.

Blarney is a market town of the county of Cork, and province of Munster, Ireland, situated on a river of the same name, about four miles west of the city of Cork. At this place is a famous castle, where there is a stone at one of the corners of the top, which is shewn to strangers, on account of a saying, that any person who has kissed it is privileged to lie and flatter. The origin of this saying, which is often referred to, and from which *Blarney* has become a vulgar synonime for flattery, is not easy to discover.

DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY.

That is, to fast—to go without one's dinner. This Duke Humphrey was uncle to King Henry VI. and his protector during his minority, Duke of Gloucester, renowned for hospitality and good house-keeping, and commonly called the good Duke of Gloucester. Those were said to dine with *Duke Humphrey*, who walked out dinner-time in the body of Saint Paul's, because it was believed the Duke was buried there. "But (saith Dr. Fuller) that saying is as far from truth as they from dinner, even 20 miles off: seeing this Duke was buried in the church of Saint *Alban's*, to which he was a great benefactor."—See Ray's Proverbs, 1670.

ON BLESSING PERSONS WHEN THEY SNEEZE.

This custom is derived from very ancient times, and its origin has been variously accounted for. Several writers affirm, that it commenced in the year 750, under Pope Gregory the Great, when a pestilence occurred, in which those who sneezed died; whence this Pontiff appointed a form of prayer, and a wish to be said to persons sneezing, for averting this fatality from them. But the custom is of much more ancient date. It was accounted very ancient in the time of Aristotle, who, in his Problems, has endeavoured to account for it. It is alluded to in the Greek Anthology in an epigram, in which the salutation of *salve Jupiter* is given as a familiar phrase addressed

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to sneezers. Alexander Ross says, "Prometheus was the first that wished well to the sneezer, when the man, which he had made of clay, fell into a fit of sternutation, upon the approach of that celestial fire which he stole from the sun. This gave origin to that custom among the Gentiles, in saluting the sneezer. They used also to worship the head in sternutation, as being a divine part, and seat of the senses and cogitation." Various testimonies shew the antiquity of this custom, and Aristotle has a problem "why sneezing from noon to midnight was good, but from night to noon unlucky." If he lived in these times, I query whether he would not be *pulled up* to Union Hall to answer for his necromancy.

The Rev. John James Blunt (in his "Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs, discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily,") says, "Whatever may have been the cause, something mysterious seems always to have been attached to the act of sneezing. Any future evil, however, to which it might have been the prelude, was supposed to be averted by a word of good augury from a by-stander. This, like many other unintelligible notions, has descended from the Romans (at least, more immediately from them, though the same fancy prevailed amongst the Jews and Greeks), to several modern nations. In our own, the salutation of "God bless you" is sometimes given upon such occasions; in France, "*Dieu vous soit en aide*," is not uncommon; but in Italy, that of "*Viva*," or "*Felicita*," is paid with the utmost scrupulousness. Thus too it is recorded of Tiberius, that whenever he sneezed in his carriage, he exacted such a mark of attention from his companions with the most religious solicitude." And Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," says, "We read in Godignus, that upon a *sneeze* of the Emperor Monomotapa, there passed acclamations successively through the city."

COLONEL JOHNSON.

Colonel Johnson, who served under the Duke of York in the Netherlands, was celebrated no less as a gentleman than as an officer: he was every inch a soldier, and had reaped glory and scars in the battle's van. He was an excellent swordsman, and his extreme height of person, and length of arm, rendered him a dangerous antagonist, even to more skilled opponents. Travelling on the Continent, accompanied by a single groom, he on one occasion halted at a small inn, glad to seek any where rest and refreshment for himself, his servant, and the jaded steeds. The only decent apartment in the house was pre-occupied by a party of French officers: all the provisions the house afforded they had bespoken; and the Colonel was informed that not a ragout or an omelet was to be had for love or money. A soldier's education seldom deserts him on an emergency: it was but a minute's employment to dictate, and another to send, a polite request to the party, that a British officer might be permitted to share in the rations of their messboard. The envy of *republican* France overcame its politeness, and his messenger was sent back with rudeness and denial. Colonel Johnson possessed, under unmerited insult, the coolness and the intrepidity of his country. He commanded that the joint then being dished up should be laid before him: he and his servant fared sumptuously; and, with fear and trembling, "mine host of the Garter" carried the mutilated remains to the impatient and vociferating guests of the parlour. Affrighted and astonished, their disappointment and chagrin were soon converted into impotent railing, and breathings of revenge. At that period, the transmission of a watch, a glove, a ring, or any article of which the transmitter stood possessed, was considered the gage of defiance, and our Colonel soon found his table in the kitchen glittering with mementos of Gallic daring. He allowed the challengers to finish their *abbreviated* repast, calmly took his modicum of wine, and then, followed by his servant, strode into the apartment. Drawing his sword, and placing on its blade the first article of defiance, at the same moment raising his fine person to its utmost height, and darting an eye of indignation around, as if singling out his victim, he coolly desired its proprietor to redeem it. The effect was prodigious. There was a pause denoting hesitation—a buz, but nothing palpable; and after a full minute had elapsed, the watch was handed over to his bowing lacquey, and a ring dangled on the still extended weapon; *that* too became the undisputed property of the domestic; and so with the rest. "Men but in appearance—soldiers but in name!" exclaimed Colonel Johnson, as he drew his hand across his blade, ere he deposited it in its sheath—"Learn from henceforward how to respect the rights of hospitality. I have been told that cowardice is ever the companion of audacity;

and that those who know how to convey an insult, have rarely the courage to redeem it: I regret that it should have been my fortune to witness, beneath the uniform of France, the combination of these degraded alliances."

A WHIMSICAL GARDEN.

Is there any remembrance, at Banstead, of a clergyman, who amused himself there for fifty years, with ornamenting his gardens, and died in a state of dotage about the beginning of the last century? The company from Epsom used to visit his "curiosities," as they might well call them; for this gentleman had discovered more capabilities in wood and stone than ever Lancelot Brown dreamt of. You ascended one of his trees by a straight flight of steps, the top had been flattened in the middle, and the boughs round about clipped into a parapet; here there was an octagon bench; and this place he called his Teneriffe. Another tree was manufactured into Mount Parnassus, and there Apollo was to be seen, perched with the nine muses. That they might not want worthy company, the Great Mogul, the Grand Seignior, the Cham of Tartary, and the Czar of Muscovy, were all to be seen in the garden. Two other trees, clotted with ivory, and cut smooth, stood for the pillars of Hercules. The old gentleman was a wit as well as a scholar; he had cut one tree into the shape of a rose, and placed a beach under it, where lovers might talk "under the rose." Uncle Toby might also have found something to interest him. There was the whole confederated army and their generals represented by stones, of which the large ones were the officers, and the little ones the men. Within doors he had montero caps, shoulders of mutton, apples, &c. cut in stone and painted.

Epsom was, at this time, so much frequented, that forty coaches-and-six were sometimes to be seen at evening in the ring. On Monday mornings they had some little diversion, such as racing of boys, or rabbits, or pigs.

Useful Domestic Hints.

TYPHUS FEVER.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir—Your Fifty-first Number contained a recipe for destroying the contagious effects of Typhus fever; the following was given by Dr. J. C. Smith, for which he obtained 5,000*l.* from Parliament:—"Six drachms of powdered nitre, six drachms of oil of vitriol, mix them in a tea-cup, by adding to the nitre one drachm of the oil at a time; the cup to be placed during the preparation on a hot hearth, or plate of heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a dirty tobacco-pipe, the longer it has been in use the better."

The recipe in your useful work is evidently in substance taken from the above—but perhaps it will be more acceptable given verbatim from the original. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JACOBUS.

Analysis of Tea.—Though experiments show that tea contains, upon an average, from 30 to 40 per cent. of matter, soluble in boiling water, it is not to be supposed that so large a proportion is taken up, in the ordinary process of making tea; on the contrary, in tea leaves, in the state in which they are usually thrown away, there is still contained, from 10 to 14 per cent. of soluble matter, capable of affording a sufficiently pleasant beverage, though it must be granted that the most agreeable portion of the tea, consisting probably of the *purest tanin*, or astringent matter, and of the whole of the *aroma*, is taken up by the first effusion of the hot water, and that, subsequently, the bitter and less soluble extractive matter are dissolved, furnishing what is usually called *strong tea*, but infinitely less agreeable than the earlier infusion. Hence it is, that the real epicure in this article imitates, in some measure, the Chinese process of infusion, and only drinks the first made tea, using a fresh but small proportion of the leaves for each successive cup.

For Rheumatic Pains in Face or Teeth.—To two teaspoonsfull of flour add the same quantity of grated ginger, incorporate them well together, and add spirits sufficient to make it into a thin paste. Spread this upon a linen rag, and apply it when going to bed to the part affected, wrapping a piece of flannel over all, and it will effect a cure.

Liquid Blacking.—Mix a sufficient quantity of good lamp black with an egg, to give it a good black; then take a piece of sponge, dip it therein, and rub over shoes, &c. very thin; when dry rub them with a hard brush, and they will look very beautiful. You must take care the shoes are first well cleaned with a hard brush, otherwise they will not look half so well.

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The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.—Formerly farmers, in the vicinity of Cork, used to send their milk to town in two large churns, one on each side of a horse, between which a woman frequently rode astride, and in that position disposed of the milk to her customers. It so happened that a cast dragoon horse was employed in this manner, and as he was passing near a regiment of cavalry at exercise, he heard the well-known sound of the trumpet, which he immediately obeyed, and with his woman and churns fell into the ranks, to the no small terror of his rider, and amusement of the spectators.

ANECDOTE OF MR. FOOTE.—Mr. Foote dining one day with Lord Townshend, after his duel with Lord Bellamont, the wine being bad, and the dinner ill dressed, made Foote observe that he could not discover what reason could compel his Lordship to take up arms, when he might have effected his purpose another way, and with much more ease to himself. "Why, how," replied his Lordship, "could I have acted otherwise?"—"How!" replied Foote, "you should have invited him to dine with your Lordship, as you have done me, and poisoned him."

A Comb-maker's Plea for not serving in the Militia.

A comb-maker was for the militia drawn,
Which put him in a rage;
A red coat he look'd at with scorn,
His plea was—I'm not of age.
Magistrate.
You're not of age?—we'll make you swear,
If true I'll fine those who brought ye;
I should have thought, I declare,
You at least was forty.
Comb-maker.
Sir, I can swear, with conscience free,
By the Protestant belief,
Altho' my age is forty-three,
I've not yet cut all my teeth.

THE DUKE OF LUXEMBOURG.—This General resembled the renowned Condé, whose pupil he was. He beat William Prince of Orange in several battles, which caused William to express himself with great indignation. "Is it impossible for me," said he, "to beat that little hunch-back Luxembourg?"—"How should he know whether I am so or not?" said the Duke "for, often as I have seen his back, he never saw mine."

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.—As Queen Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII., and mother of Queen Elizabeth, was going to be beheaded in the Tower, seeing a gentleman there of the King's privy chamber, she called him to her, and with a cheerful countenance, and a soul undaunted at approaching death, said to him, "Remember me to the King, and tell him he is constant in advancing me to the greatest honours. From a private gentlewoman he made me a Marchioness; from that degree made me a Queen; and now, because he can raise me no higher in this world, he is translating me to Heaven, to wear a crown of martyrdom in eternal glory."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications from the following Correspondents are intended for insertion in our next:—A. L., Thersites, Edgar, Clavis, Edric, Zoophilos, S. Ray, G. D,, Beta, Procurator, Alfred, as well as some articles which have been long delayed.

N. H.'s letter was received, but we confess we think we have had enough on the subject.

Zerah Colburn has made more difficult calculations than the one forwarded by R. R.

G. O., Robertus, B. F. L., Romeo, Peter, F. N., H. E., Crito Galen, Francisco and Ramfoozle, will be attended to.

Adolphus is assured we shall not take offence. We take advice as we do physic, not that it may always be the most palatable, but because we know when, or at least hope that it is, intended for our good.

The hint of * * * shall be attended to, as well as that of J. N., so far as it can be done consistently with the plan of our work, which is neither political nor polemical.

Several communications still remain undecided upon.

All letters on the subject of the MIRROR should be addressed to "the Editor," and the postage paid, or they cannot be received; and all communications on the subject of Mr. Limbird's British Novelist, should be addressed to him, as we cannot make the Mirror the medium of answering letters on subjects not connected with it.

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